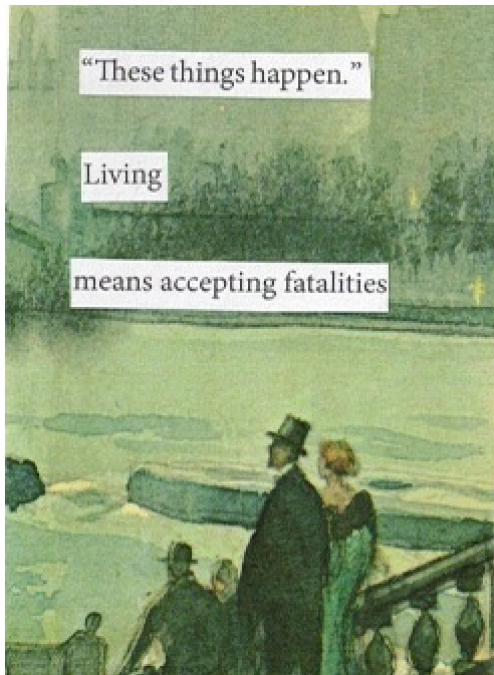
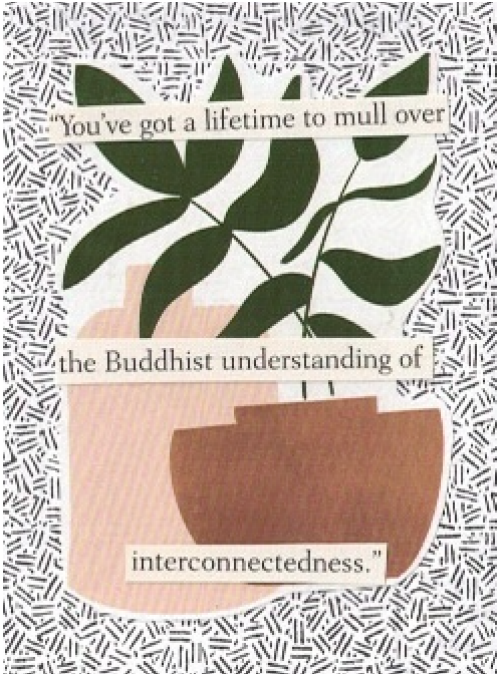


"These things happen."

Living

means accepting fatalities

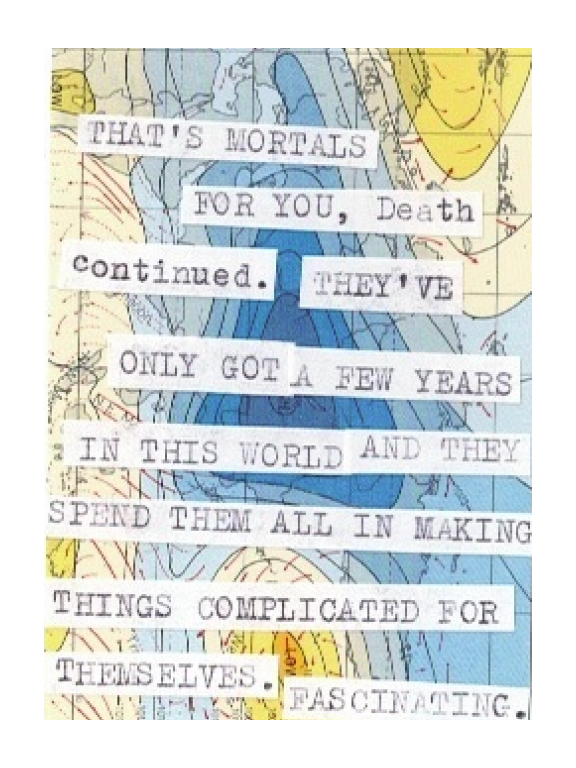




"You've got a lifetime to mull over

the Buddhist understanding of

interconnectedness."



THAT'S MORTALS

FOR YOU, Death

continued.

THEY'VE

ONLY GOT A FEW YEARS

IN THIS WORLD AND THEY
SPEND THEM ALL IN MAKING

THINGS COMPLICATED FOR

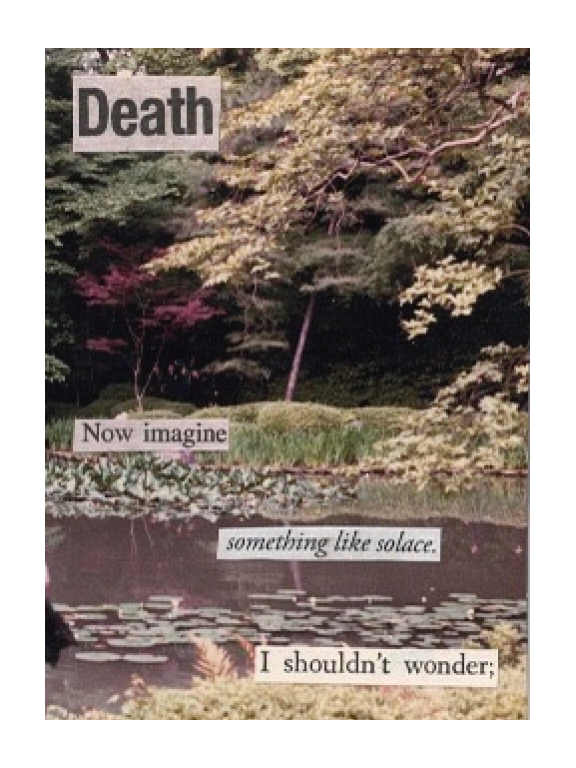
THEMSELVES.

FASCINATING.

We were cut off from all
echoes of the world—



we were already dead.

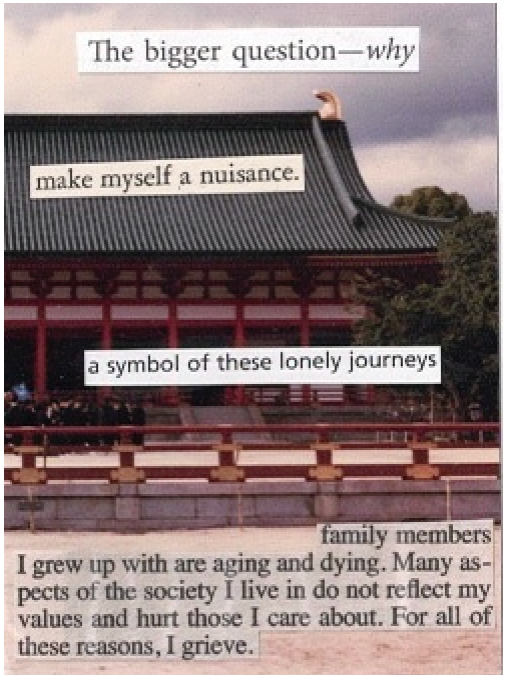
A photograph of a traditional Japanese garden. In the foreground, a dark pond is filled with green lily pads. A small, mossy island sits in the middle of the pond. The background is filled with dense foliage, including trees with vibrant yellow and red autumn leaves. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and contemplative.

Death

Now imagine

something like solace.

I shouldn't wonder;



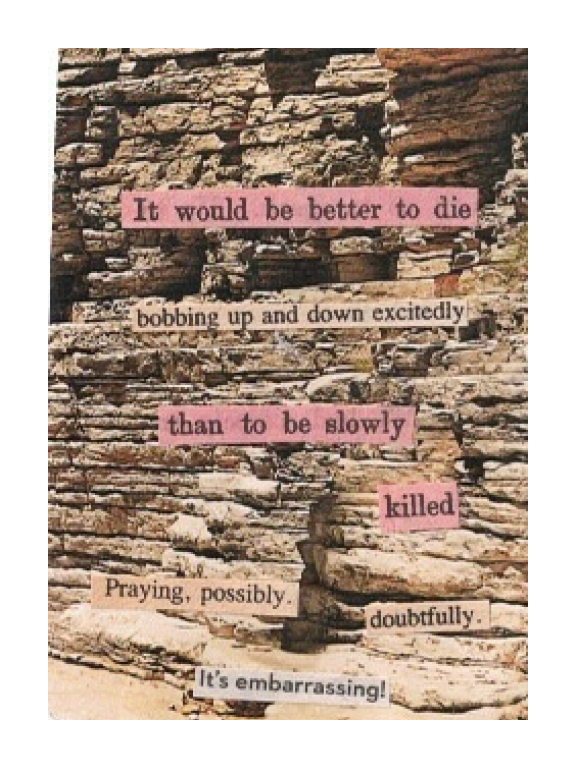
The bigger question—*why*

make myself a nuisance.

a symbol of these lonely journeys

family members

I grew up with are aging and dying. Many aspects of the society I live in do not reflect my values and hurt those I care about. For all of these reasons, I grieve.

The background is a photograph of a rough, layered stone wall. The stones are of various sizes and shades of brown and tan, creating a textured, aged appearance. The wall seems to be part of an old building or a natural rock formation. Overlaid on this image are several rectangular text boxes in different colors (pink, light yellow, and light blue) containing various phrases.

It would be better to die

bobbing up and down excitedly

than to be slowly

killed

Praying, possibly.

doubtfully.

It's embarrassing!



*Barn's burnt down
Now
I can see the moon*



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